

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wannabemceez"

"One two, testing one two
Alright party people in the place to be
The party has already started
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill" [echoes]

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty
Classical like a German luger
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it
Hear it my spirit is where it should be
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz
I got em, KRS got skills in the place
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
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Triplet syllables for minimal criminals
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it
Ricochet any style any day
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day
and crack the back of that DJ
I'm strappin and attackin a pack
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills
We built and killed style and skill
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will
get ill, and switch to earn
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it

Observe me then beat it

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Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me
The voice from New York City is too witty
I come from a era of ?OJ cars?, Latin Quarter
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me
Nowhere, that I ain't been to
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you
(cause they can't MC)
But what you really sayin
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!
Switching and swaying
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"
No great area[?]
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin
Carbon, your name, battle battle
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure
I feel for ya soldier
I hate to say it but I told ya so
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo
You want a fresh style let me show you slow
your blow, I'm not your foe
Battling me? No no no no no NO!

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[Mad Lion]

If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head
Gwan *[echoes]*